Martin Robertson

Through the Looking-Glass

Towards the hill would Alice go it slipped away from her. At last she turned her back, and so drew quickly near.

That was a dream of contraries.
Our goal's before us, and
—yet "Who would find his life..." Is this too mirror-land?

 $This poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/linearity}. The poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/linearity}. The poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/linearity}. The {\tt http://rtnl.org.u$